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COROT & MILLET

WITH CRITICAL ESSAYS
BY GUSTAVE GEFFROY
& ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE

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PREFACE

A man confronted with the array of work in this volume feels it unnecessary to write a prefatory note on the arts of Corot and Millet. It is a volume that explains itself ; it asks for no introduction. But the Editor, in issuing it to the public, desires to offer his cordial thanks to all who have helped in its preparation, beginning with the authors, M. Gustave Geffroy and M. Arsène Alexandre, whose admirable essays lose but little of their style in the sympathetic translations by Mr. Edgar Preston. Mr. F. Keppel, after long study of the subject, has written the notes on the etchings of Millet. The collectors who have kindly lent work for reproduction include Sir Matthew Arthur, Bart., Mr. Alexander Young, Mr. W. A. Coats, Mr. A. T. Reid, Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Morley Pegge, Mr. Alexander MacBride, Mr. W. Pitcairn Knowles, Dr. T. W. T. Lawrence, Mr. James Arthur, Monsieur Henri Rouart, and Monsieur Léon Bonnat. Much assistance has also been received from Messrs. William Marchant & Co., Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, Mr. R. Gutekunst, Mr. E. van Wisselingh, Mr. F. Keppel, Messrs. C. Klackner & Co., Messrs. Braun, Clément & Co., the Société Anonyme des Galeries Georges Petit, Messrs. Durand-Ruel et Fils, Messrs. Carfax & Co., the Autotype Company, Messrs. Obach & Co., Messrs. Cottier & Co., Messrs. Hollander and Cremetti, and the Proprietors of the French Gallery, London.

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JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT.

By GUSTAVE GEFFROY.



THE life story of Corot tells itself all the world over. One recognises it in the public gallery, in the private collection, in the drawing-room where one of his canvases hangs on the wall. That life-story is his work—those moist, quivering, luminous paintings in which there is water and herbage, trees and clouds, with light rising or sinking on the horizon, a presentiment or a memory of the sunshine, a sweet harmony of

moonlight and stars, a silvered reflection speaking amid the silence and the night. Each one of these canvases speaks for Corot, and says to us: "That day, that morning, that evening, or that night I was here, before this pool, this wood, this plain, this field, or this house. I stood under the gloomy sky, full of tears of rain. On this sad grey visage I saw the divine smile of light arise; saw fall a shower of infinite softness, gleaming with the sun's own gold, and the sound of those rain-drops falling on the leaves was exquisite. 'Twas Spring complete, in its awakening, its perfume, its colour, its sound. Anon it was the wind, come from afar, hurrying through the valley, bending the trees, rustling the foliage, scattering the leaves, and ruffling the waters. Everything responded to the same movement, in the same way, and I strove to follow the rapid flight of the landscape, which, though keeping its place, seemed to be wildly hurrying by. 'Twas Autumn complete, with its breath of decay, its death-rattle, its farewell. Peace I found once more within this moon-lit glade, with a trace of daylight still lingering above the forest tops. That night I thought I saw the hamadryads starting from the trees, and the nymphs dancing among the ferns."

Other works, neither landscapes nor figure-pieces, might utter other confidences: "For the most part they are humble creatures—girls and women—I have depicted. I had met them in the street in their Italian garb, or in their servants' clothes; or maybe they had come to my studio to ask if I wanted models. I never sent them away. In them I saw the beauty of life. That beauty is in every living creature, in everything that breathes, just as it is in everything which is impregnated with life. It has given me as much pleasure to paint these women as to paint my landscapes. On their flesh the poem of

the hours has unfolded itself as beautiful, as enchanting, as on the soil, the waters, the hills, and the trees. The mystery of the woods was in their hair; the mystery of the sky and of the still pools in their eyes. So too, Spring and Autumn passed before me when they smiled, joyously or sadly. And their simple speech would ever bring to my eyes the dancing of the nymphs."

Thus, and doubtless far better, do Corot's paintings speak to such as look at them and listen to what they say. Each recounts an hour of his life, the moment when he was charmed, ravished, dazzled by the poetry of things,—by some forest-glade in Artois, by some pond at Ville d'Avray, or by the supple body of some woman near him. Therein was his life, his real life, his whole life indeed, for all the time he passed away from his easel he would spend, whether he were alone or in conversation with others, in dreaming, in spite of himself, so to speak, of the relations, the harmonies, existing between the things he saw everywhere around him, the things he had reproduced yesterday, that he was about to reproduce that very day, and on the morrow, and on all the morrows right to the end. A man, an artist, of this sort, possessing the gift of seeing and the gift of creating anew, is never completely free to think of aught else but his art. Even when not deliberately thinking of it he really is doing so, unknown to himself. These haunted brains are for ever weaving schemes in secret.

But I must tell of the exterior of this life, gathering together the traits of which it was made up, and collecting the words spoken or written by Corot and by those who knew, admired, and discussed him. For all this too has its interest, inasmuch as it assists one to understand his work, and to follow its formation, its variations, its gradations.

I have before me one of the latest portraits of Corot—a photograph. The features are clearly marked. The brow, high and bare, crowned with hair in the *coup de vent* style, is furrowed with lines. His glance goes clear, keen, direct, from beneath the heavy eyelids. The nose, short and fleshy, is attached to the cheeks by two strongly marked creases. There is a smile on the lips, of which the lower is very thick—altogether, a good, intelligent, witty face. Nothing to suggest a life of struggles, of alternations of hope and despair. Corot was indeed spared such a life, for his family, although failing to understand him, supplied him with means sufficient to enable him to preserve his liberty. In truth he could not have desired more.

At the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Quai d'Orsay, opposite

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the Pont Royal, there stood more than a hundred years ago a little shop with a sign-board bearing these words in yellow paint :

MME. COROT, MARCHANDE DE MODES.

It was a well-frequented shop. Mme. Corot, assisted by several capable girls, created new models, while her husband, an office clerk, spent his days in town among the day-books and ledgers appertaining to the book-keeping system of the business houses of the period. It was amid these quiet but businesslike surroundings, in this atmosphere of prudent, steady, middle-class existence, that Jean-Baptiste Camille was born on the 28th of July, 1796 (10 Thermidor, Year IV.).

The birth of the child made no particular change in the life of the parents, who already had a daughter, two years of age. M. Jean Louis Corot continued to keep his accounts and strike his balances. Only for a few days did Mme. Corot neglect her elegant combinations of tulle and ribbons, *ruches* and hat shapes. The boy was sent to a primary school, where he won some successes, and on the 15th of December, 1806, obtained a "*bourse nationale*," or scholarship, which enabled him in the April following to enter a *lycée* at Rouen, where he had as *correspondant* a M. Jeunegon, living at No. 90, Rue Beauvoisine.

Here, in the provinces, young Camille, real Parisian as he was, first became acquainted with the bitters of life. He was home-sick, longed for his family, for Paris, and for the pavement of the quays, for the Tuileries, for the Seine—which is not the same thing at Rouen—for the Louvre, stretching its noble lines right in front of his home in the Rue du Bac. His studies at the time reveal his state of mind. It appears from notes preserved in the archives of the *lycée* that the first class he went through was what is known as "the second year of grammar," which corresponds with the fifth at present ; he even went as far as the *belles-lettres* classes (rhetoric). His name does not once appear in the lists of honours, not even in drawing. Nevertheless he got through his "humanities" by the 29th of June, 1812, and returned to Paris. Here his father placed him with a *marchand de nouveautés*, M. Ratier, with whom he stayed a year, and then with a draper in the Rue Saint-Honoré, a M. Delalain.

It was not long-cloth young Corot wanted, but canvas—canvas stretched on a frame-work, ready to be daubed. The yard-measure has no kinship with the brush, and druggets from Sedan or Elbœuf have as little connection with palette and colours.

One of Corot's biographers, M. Alfred Robaut, tells a story which may be given here :

"One day," he remarks, "when I was in Corot's studio, there entered a father with his son, the former exclaiming : 'Monsieur Corot, here's a young man of whom your friend M. X—— will have spoken to you. He threatens to upset the happiness of the whole family. I wanted to secure a position for him, something solid which should provide for his existence ; but he, on the contrary, has taken it into his head to become a painter ! Now I ask you, Monsieur Corot, is it reasonable ?—for I was assured I might rely on your advice.'

"'H'm, h'm,' replied the painter, placing his pipe on the edge of his easel, 'this is serious, sir, very serious ! But come, did this young man finish his studies ?'

"'Nearly,' answered the father.

"'And since then ?'

"'Ah, Monsieur Corot, nothing that's much good ! Six years ago I put him in business, and that didn't suit him. He was always scribbling behind his master's counter, and then——'

"Corot, ready to burst with laughter, bit his lip and exclaimed : 'Why, that's my own story you're telling me. . . . That's absolutely what happened to me ; and, if you like, I will tell you the rest. . . .'

"The rest," in Corot's case, may be told in a few lines. M. Delalain, discovering that his assistant had no aptitude for sedentary work, made him a sort of town-traveller. Carrying a parcel of patterns, wrapped up in water-proof cloth, Corot went from street to street among the retail dealers, doing his work, but doubtless doing it badly, for the result was very meagre. Many a time his employer met him in the street, gazing at the pictures and prints in the shop windows, and shifting from place to place in order to get a better view, sometimes putting his parcel on the ground to shade his eyes with both hands ; as often as he possibly could do so he went into the Louvre. At such times Corot was far away from all thought of his sales or the profit he might make out of them. Little cared he either for the lessons his master had given him in the art of disposing of his goods, especially that of getting rid of old-fashioned damaged stuff at the highest possible price—principles altogether repugnant to the honest conscience of the lad, who could not understand why one should be at such pains to entrap other people. "But that's business !" replied M. Delalain, "Ah, you'll never have the commercial spirit !"

No, as will soon be seen, Corot was never to have the shopkeeper's

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temperament. M. Corot père, pulled one way by the boy's master, who declared he could make nothing of his assistant, harassed on the other hand by the boy himself, riding his painting hobby more furiously than ever, dreaming only of frames and easels, mahlsticks, brushes, and palettes—M. Corot père at last decides, at the end of eight years, to go into the matter, and see what can be done for his nuisance of a son. A solemn council is held in the backshop in the Rue du Bac ; the state of the family exchequer is examined, and it is found possible to detach an allowance of 1500 francs in favour of Camille, it being resolved that in no case is this amount to be exceeded.

The lad was full of thanks, and, deeply moved, declared himself to be the happiest of beings. But the realisation of his dream produced a sort of stupor. I do not believe that Corot, now that he was free, had any anxiety about what he was losing, about the *magasin de nouveautés* and his set of patterns. Nevertheless, he has related how, after having obtained his parents' consent to become a painter, he would walk about the quays, day after day, his portfolio under his arm, but doing absolutely nothing. However, he soon made up his mind. Installing himself by the Port Saint-Nicolas, near the spot where to-day the London steamer is moored, he began to paint the landscape of the City, as seen through the mist and smoke floating like a transparent veil over the river.

What has become of his early efforts? Probably they are covered by other paintings ; perhaps they repose beneath some landscape at present adorning the walls of some museum or private dwelling. Several lithographs, beyond discovery now, also date from this period, notably a *Kermesse Flamande*, *La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*, and *La Peste de Barcelone*.

While the great artist that is to be is feeling his way—his resigned family showing no interest in his work, which they regard as vain and useless—his efforts are followed with interest by his mother's shop assistants. The young work-girls escape from the shop whenever they can, and cross the bridge to satisfy their curiosity. Corot, who sometimes recalled these memories, used to say that one of the girls, Mlle. Rose, "came more often than her companions"; and he added : "She is still alive ; she has remained unmarried and pays me a visit from time to time. Last week she was here. Oh, my friends, what a change ! and what reflections it arouses ! My painting has not budged ; it is still young, it tells the hour and the weather of the day when I did it—but Mlle. Rose and I myself, what are we ?"

Corot entered the studio of Achille Michallon, master and pupil being just the same age. The former, educated by David, *via* Bertin, belonged to the school which sought to discover the life of human beings by searching into the souls of statues, which studied Nature's secrets with the aid of the pedagogue methods of the *atelier*. Corot showed afterwards a picture he had painted at Michallon's, and happily described it as "rather a study in submission than in painting." His master ordered him to be "exact and punctual," and, more submissive in art than in commerce, he obeyed.

Michallon died in 1822, and Corot went off to seek Victor Bertin, who consented to take him. Michallon had preserved something of an open mind and a certain desire to be inspired by Nature, but Bertin, like all David's satellites, swore by antique art, and by that alone—that art, so far as they were concerned, consisting in draping models, rigging them up with a helmet, and arming them with sword and lance and shield and quiver, and fixing them in a landscape of artificial trees where torrents of spun glass fall from mountains of cardboard and stuffed beasts roar. Such was the traditional landscape, and France particularly excelled therein at the commencement of the nineteenth century, when her landscapists refused to look at Nature. At that time "Nature" simply meant a hilly background, or a couple of trees, or a motionless stream—mere accessories of a scene of biblical or Roman history. This style had at once been admitted and encouraged. The government of the day consecrated these artistic horrors by a national decree. It was decided that the artist who should best succeed in building a temple on a rock should be rewarded by a permission to stay at the Ecole de Rome. And this was Michallon's triumph. The academician who about that time published the famous pamphlet, entitled "*Revue critique des productions de peinture, sculpture, gravure exposées au Salon de 1824, par M. —*," expressed to perfection that hatred of the real and that love of the false which were then the characteristics of the historical landscapist. "What," he exclaims, "would become of the landscapist's art if, through overtimidity, he feared to burst into the domain of history? What poetry, what high inspiration, could fire him, and sustain him in his labours? Continually trees and shrubs, and air and space and surface—what do I care for all these things if the artist do not throw upon these objects some sentiment of living animated nature, if he do not invest them alternately with sadness or serenity, violence or calm?" Painting was in full agreement with this sort of writing—all Homer's warriors, all Virgil's shepherds, all the

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peplums, all the buskins, all the firemen's helmets, made their appearance in front of the colonnades among the sham verdure. The animals of mythology came to drink at the springs.

The most guilty of these manufacturers of history, these falsifiers of Nature, were Bertin, Valenciennes, Michallon, Bidault, Watelet, together with Aligny, Flandrin, and Desgoffes. It was against these men and their teaching that Constable, Bonington, Rousseau, Huet, Dupré, Corot, Diaz, Millet, Daubigny, Michel, Courbet went in revolt, all inspired by the longing to rehabilitate that which the academicians of 1824 had proscribed—"trees and shrubs, and air and space and surface."

Young Corot spent two winters amid these strange artistic surroundings. Of all this he retained but little—that little being a tendency towards classic themes, a style of composition made up of mythology and Nature. But, like Poussin, he redeemed it by close observation of reality, by breathing life into his work, and he was destined soon to attain complete freedom. Corot's career is well summed up in this extract from a letter addressed by him to one of his biographers: "Till eighteen I was at the Rouen College, then I spent eight years in business; unable to stand this any longer I became a landscape painter, at first as a pupil of Michallon. Losing him I went into the studio of Victor Bertin. Since then I have thrown myself, all alone, on Nature, *et voilà!*"

He had learned so little in Paris that when he arrived in Rome, whither Bertin had sent him "to perfect himself," he realised that he "couldn't manage even the smallest drawing." "Two men would stop to chat," he remarked to Theophile Silvestre, one of his biographers. "I would begin to sketch them bit by bit, starting with the head, for instance. Then they would part, and all I had on my paper was sundry bits of heads. Or children would be sitting on the steps of some church, and again I would begin, only for their mother to call them away. Thus my sketch-book was full of tips of noses, foreheads, and locks of hair. I resolved for the future not to go home without having done a complete work, and for the first time I essayed drawing in the mass, rapid drawing—the only drawing possible. I set myself to take in a group at a glance; if it stayed for a short time only at least I had got its character, its general unconscious attitude; if it remained long I could add the details. I have done this very often, and I have even succeeded in catching in a moment, with just a few strokes, the general impression of a ballet and its surroundings at the opera, just on a scrap of paper inside my hat."

Here is a clear lesson, summarising Corot's whole method—a lesson from which one may extract the definition of his artistic system, namely, to seize the movement of things, the passing life of humanity, the quivering of the branches, the spontaneity of a gesture ; to express all this by an image fixing the fugitive impression of life. What Corot did not tell was his secret with regard to the fluid atmosphere, the soft and resplendent light which envelop men and things. This secret he possessed without having the power to analyse or define it ; it was his innate sense of the sunlight, of the breath of the air, of human movement, of the swing of the branches, of the respiration of the plants, of the particles exhaled, attracted, or rejected by the earth—in a word, his innate sense of all that constitutes life.

In Rome Corot resumed the strolling life he had led in Paris. He sauntered along the banks of the Tiber, climbed the hills, pausing before the ancient temples in ruins which crown the Aventine where the vines and laurels grow, making sketches for the little canvases to be sent later to the exhibitions. Two of these pictures are now in the Louvre.

He became friendly with several students at the Villa Médicis—Léopold Robert (who had given up painting for sculpture), Edouard Bertin, Dupré, Bodinier, Schnetz, Lapito, Delaberge, and Aligny. The little group used to meet in Corot's tiny room, which was so narrow that he had to perch his models on his trunk. They also frequented the *Café del Greco* or the *Restaurant della Lepre*. They smoked their pipes and drank and chatted, and Corot, witty and jovial then as in after years, did not scorn to listen to the advice of his comrades. They naturally were in favour of historical landscape, but, a little uneasy, began to be interested in the new *formulae*, which had just been ingenuously brought to light by the painters Valenciennes and J. B. Deperthes. Both these artists were inspired by the works of Nicolas Poussin and Claude Gelée, and believed in the necessity of faithfully reproducing Nature. Deperthes recalled the fact that Poussin kept in his studio "moss and plants, flowers and pebbles, of which he made painted studies for the purpose of enriching his idealist compositions, and giving an air of verisimilitude thereto." He also told how Lorrain "spent his days and part of his nights watching the dawn, the sunrise, the sunset, and the twilight ; how he engraved on his memory what he had seen, and on returning to his studies hastened to put his recollections on canvas, these recollections being expressed with so much truth and precision that one would have taken them for Nature herself, decked in all her charms."



"ENVIRONS DE ROME, 1866." FROM THE ETCHING BY COROT.

(Cottier & Co., New York and London.)

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Corot utilised all this instruction to good purpose. He did not trust to his memory, but fixed his impressions at the moment he received them. Aligny met him once on the Palatine Hill, engaged in painting a study for his picture of *The Coliseum*, now in the Louvre, and was so struck by the air of life about the whole thing, the purity of the sky and the limpidity of the atmosphere, that he had to sound its praises again and again to escape being taxed with irony. From that day forward the students ceased to treat Corot as an amateur, and Aligny declared that there was something to be gained in meeting such an associate.

In 1827 Corot sent from Rome to the Paris Salon his picture, called *The Roman Campagna* ("Campagne de Rome"), and another, *Vue prise à Narni*.

The first of these canvases has been covered up by another painting. The "Guide de l'Amateur à l'Exposition de 1827-28," published by a certain "Société de gens de lettres et d'artistes," criticised it in the following terms: "It is impossible that the artist can have painted from Nature, for in that case he would have done otherwise: there is nothing fixed in his composition, but tones that are quite abrupt, tints merging into violet. . . . It seems to us we might have been given a better idea of the *Roman Campagna*. However, M. Corot is a painter of merit."

La Vue prise à Narni remained in possession of the artist. At the sale which took place after his death it was knocked down to M. Lemaître for 2300 francs.

Several biographers have stated that Corot returned from Rome in 1827 by desire of his family. That is not so. He went back at the end of 1828. Here is the letter which fixes the date of his return, and gives some interesting details of the artist's life and character.

"Rome, the 27th of March, 1828.

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR DUVERNEY,

"I have been a long time answering your kind letter of September last. It gave me great pleasure. So you think I have made some progress; that will encourage me, and I am going to continue steadily striving in my last campaign. It is true enough that the further one advances the more difficulties one meets. There are certain parts of painting, as I should like to treat them, which seem to me to be unconquerable. So much so that I dare not approach the pictures which I sketched at the beginning of the

winter. The weather has been continuously fine, and I have preferred to be out of doors. I could not keep in my studio. I contemplate leaving Italy in the month of September next, and returning to Paris; and there, after having embraced you all, I propose to devote myself seriously to these pictures. You may imagine how happy I shall be, surrounded by my family and my friends, working at my paintings, no longer distracted by lovely sky and lovely scenes. I shall be entirely engrossed in it, and when my work is over I shall have in prospect a happy evening to divert and refresh me for the morrow. A dozen years ago I dreamt of this happiness; now it is within my reach; may Fate not rob me of it!

"I purpose going to Naples in the month of May to spend some time. Thence I shall come back to the outskirts of Rome, where I shall still endeavour to seek out the power and the grace of Nature. I shall be very happy if I am able to bring back a few studies more satisfying in their execution. I shall try to do fewer and better.

"At the present moment in Rome I am doing other studies—costumes, painted and drawn, also a few compositions while I am in this country. If one only knew how I am taken up with my work my neglect might perhaps be forgiven. When you see in Paris all I have done you will congratulate me on it, persuaded as you are that I have no facility of execution.

"One of my comrades has just received a *petit journal* of the Salon—'M. Corot: 221, 222, colouring good, piquant effect, transparency; we recommend him to draw better and to vary the forms of his trees.' After all that, I haven't much to complain of so far as the Salon is concerned. Now, this is not everything; I must not stay where I am; I shall be to blame if I do not advance. My kindest remembrance to Mme. Duverney. I hope mother and child are both well, and all your family. When you see my father and mother embrace them for me and for M. and Mme. Semejon.

"If you should chance to see the young ladies in the Rue du Bac tell them they are quite wrong if they are offended with me; I am still the same good fellow, only a little bit cracked.

"Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur,

"Your friend

"CAMILLE COROT.

"Monsieur Théodore Duverney, rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, at the corner of Rue Saint-Anne, Paris."

At the end of that year—1828—Corot, back in Paris, receives a

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visit in his studio from his father, who announces certain matrimonial projects which he contemplates for his son. The artist declines the proposal, urging pecuniary and other reasons, and finally adds: "I was not alone here in my studio when you came in. In the next room there is a woman who enters and who leaves at my pleasure. Her name is La Folie; she is my Muse and she comes to enchant me; and when the cup is full I say to her: Vanish, invisible sunbeam!" So henceforth Corot lives in freedom, an inveterate seeker whom any sudden idea starts off, either to explore the fields and the woods, or to go o' nights round the theatres and balls, to take notes and silhouettes of actresses and dancers. M. Charles Blanc tells us that for fifteen years Corot was "seeking style by means of drawing, by large lines resolutely traced, by studied sobriety in detail." The truth is he was "seeking" all his life, and his talents were constantly in course of transformation.

Moreover, Corot did not deny himself his amusements. He put into practice the precept which Leonardo da Vinci formulated in his writings: "Do not imitate those who fatigue themselves by excessive labour, and who in their walks and in company go about with a look of care and a morose expression." Corot formed one of a group of six artists—three painters, himself, Jules Boilly, and Guindrant, and three architects, Hubert, Poirot and Grizard—who met from time to time in town or in the country. Boilly and Guindrant took it into their heads to decorate the walls of a village inn with a fresco representing the six friends, arrayed as academicians, crossing the Pont des Arts on their way to the Institut. This fresco has been destroyed, which is a great pity, for the faces were moulded in plaster the better to get the likeness.

From 1827 to 1831 there were no exhibitions in the Salons of the Louvre, and Corot during this time was on his travels. First he went to Volterra, in Tuscany, where he made several studies for his *Agar au Désert*. He tells how he found there a landscape formed of bare, ravined soil, also a type for a weeping mother. "Unfortunately," he adds, "when I took this model for my picture I was never able to recover my inspiration, and I spoiled everything I did." In 1830 he explored the departments of the Pas-de-Calais and the Nord, and brought back numerous sketches of Saint-Omer, Bergnes, Dunkirk, Lille, and other places.

Returning to Paris he witnessed the outbreak of the Revolution. Bullets were whistling everywhere, barricades were up, and the streets were full of combatants while he was painting the *Pont au Change*. So he closed his colour-box, folded up his easel, and

went home ; then hurried to catch the coach for Chartres, where he awaited events. There he produced many studies and sketches, broadened his style, and painted the beautiful clear view of the *Cathédrale de Chartres*.

Returning by way of Burgundy he stops at Beaune on the banks of the Bouzoise and the Aigue, goes round the old half-ruined ramparts, where one may see a fresh landscape at every step—well-cultivated gardens, rocky districts, pools covered with water-plants, wild herbage, and rows of trees—all contributing to make the walk round the old Roman city one of the loveliest to be found in France. He visits the almshouses, a gothic building, the collection of paintings by primitive Flemish masters, and the art museum. In his journey from Beaune to Dijon he keeps to the vine-stocked hillside. What delights him most at Dijon is not the superb park, nor the avenue leading thereto, nor the ducal palace, nor the parliament house, nor the churches, but once more the walk, now demolished, which followed the line of ancient stone-work—a walk lined by trees of all sorts, entangled with ivy and bindweed and climbing plants innumerable, whose roots, running through the interstices of the masonry, throw off shoots right as far as the roadway.

When Corot saw Paris again Louis Philippe occupied the place of Charles X. ; affairs were settling down again, and a romantic gust was stirring literature and art. In 1831 there was an exhibition at the Louvre. Corot sent four canvases : *La Forêt de Fontainebleau*, two *Vues d'Italie*, and a *Couvent sur les bords de l'Adriatique*. These works attracted no notice, save on the part of Jal, who paused to remark that “the colour is too uniform, the touch lacks accent, and the painting is flat and heavy.”

To the Salon of 1833 Corot sent his *Madeleine en prière*, which won him a medal. The critics complained that this picture was cut in two by the horizon being placed too low. But perhaps it were better to accept the opinion of Philippe Burty, who sees in this picture the breaking away from historical landscape and the apogee of Corot's first manner.

Even in those days there were landscape reformers. At their head were Paul Huet, Rousseau, and Dupré. Paul Huet, inspired by Constable, supplied the impulse. Huet and Constable both had an influence over Corot. Constable, not properly appreciated in England, had won a gold medal at the Paris Salon of 1824, and had conquered the French public to such an extent that the academic critics became uneasy. They protested against the infatuation, and

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asked sternly of the young painters: "What resemblance do you find between these paintings and those of Poussin, which we must always admire and take as our models? Beware of this Englishman's pictures, they will be the ruin of the School. There is no beauty therein, nor style nor tradition." To which Constable replied: "Doth bother yourselves about doctrines and systems; go straight ahead and follow your nature."

In 1834 Corot sent to the Salon three canvases, including a *Vue de la Forêt de Fontainebleau*, and a *Quai de Rouen*; after which he organised a journey to Italy with a painter friend, M. Grandjean. Before exploring the Apennines the two travellers stayed in the French districts of the south-east. Then Corot was recalled to Paris on account of his father's illness, and there he painted the portraits of his family. He always liked to go from landscape to figure-work. An *amateur* expressing surprise at this Corot remarked: "I've done at least twenty figures a year, but call it ten only: you see what that means in fifty years." Most of these works are unknown to the public, including a portrait of himself painted before his first journey to Rome. He did not care to exhibit his portraits. When any one advised him to show these large figures of his he would reply: "How can you think of such a thing! I haven't been forgiven yet for my small ones!"

He completed his *Agar dans le Désert* from new sketches made in Tuscany, and exhibited it in the Salon of 1835, together with a *Vue prise à Riva* on the banks of the Lac de Garde. It was on this occasion that one of the critics, M. Charles Lenormand, wrote these singular lines: "M. Corot, tired of the struggle, has quitted our hollow paths and wooded glades; he has seen Italy once more, and found again those vast horizons above limpid distances he suggests so well; and his talent, which had gone just a little astray, has faithfully returned to him." The writer imagines that the only landscapes are to be found beyond the Alps, and that those around us are wanting in grandeur and beauty and grace. The same critic would deny Corot that which precisely constitutes his glory: "His touch," he observes, "is heavy and dull; the suppleness, the humidity, the charm of Nature, he knows nothing of." Then comes the well-known and absurd theory of the historical landscape—the harmony between the spot and the subject.

In the Salon of 1836 there were but two of Corot's works to be seen: *Diane surprise au bain* and *Campagne de Rome en hiver*. The same year Corot did a lithograph to illustrate *La Caisse d'Epargne*, a vaudeville by Edouard Delalain and Saint-Yves. It represents

Mlle. Rosalie in the part of *la mère Boisseau*. In 1837 he showed his *Saint Jérôme* (which he presented in 1849 to the church at Ville d'Avray), a *Soleil Couchant*, and a *Vue prise dans l'île d'Ischia*. In 1838 his exhibits were *Le Silène* and *Vue prise à Volterra*, and in 1839 the *Site d'Italie* and the *Soir*, which inspired Théophile Gautier with the following lines :

Mais voici que le soir du haut des monts descend ;
 L'ombre devient plus gaie et va s'élargissant ;
 Le ciel vert a des tons de citron et d'orange.
 Le couchant s'amincit et va plier sa frange
 La cigale se tait et l'on n'entend de bruit
 Que le soupir de l'eau qui se divise et fuit.
 Sur le monde assoupi les heures taciturnes
 Tordent leurs cheveux bruns, mouillés de pleurs nocturnes ;
 A peine reste-t-il assez de jour pour voir,
 Corot, ton nom modeste, écrit dans un coin noir.

For fifteen years Corot's pictures were accepted at the Salon, out of charity, as it were, and stuck in the darkest corners. "Alas !" he exclaimed, "I am in the catacombs." All this distressed him, not on his own account—for he would console himself by saying, "I still have my gift !"—but rather on account of his family, who, fortunately, continued to provide him with "soup and shoe-leather." His family, indeed, remained deaf to the concert of praise beginning to make itself heard. Apropos of the *Petit Berger*, painted in 1840, and preserved in the art gallery at Metz, M. Alfred Robaut tells the following anecdote :

"Français, who frequented Corot's studio—he had been Corot's pupil for some years—took it into his head to lithograph this picture. Corot took a proof of it to his father, who was astonished to see his son's name at the bottom of a work which suddenly pleased him, and was also signed by Français. It was simply the lithograph which attracted the worthy man, for he knew the picture itself, and had found it no more attractive than any of the others. "That's good, at any rate, that !" he exclaimed, "Camille, you must invite this M. Français to dinner." On the appointed day the elder Corot seats Français beside him, and, almost before the meal has begun, remarks, "Monsieur Français, I must congratulate you on your great talent. You have done a superb work ; but Camille . . . what do you think of him ? Will he ever do anything ?" And all the evening the conversation turned on the same subject : sarcasms at the expense of the master, whose works were treated as unsaleable daubs, compliments for the pupil, who might have thought the

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whole thing a bad joke had he not known these good folks' simple, cordial nature."

Can one imagine the former dressmaker of the Rue du Bac measuring her son for a flannel vest when he was nearly fifty years old, and at sight of his broad thorax, hairy chest and muscular arms, exclaiming, "To think this is a son of mine! He's common-place enough!" Whereupon honest Corot would reply, jokingly, "On the contrary, you should congratulate yourself on having given birth to one of the three sages; for since the beginning of the world there have been Socrates, Jesus Christ, and—I." This tutelage under which Corot lived to an advanced age is perhaps one of the causes which explain the perpetual youthfulness of his mind, the constant freshness of his talent. He always had the feeling that he was still the baby, the school-boy, or the draper's assistant, in fear of family lectures and reprimands from his master.

Three of Corot's works figured in the Salon of 1840: A *Soleil Couchant*, the *Fuite en Egypte* and a *Moine*. The "Flight into Egypt" now belongs to the Church at Rosny, near Mantes, to which it was presented by Corot through the instrumentality of a friend of his family, Mme. Osmond. Of the "Sunset" Gustave Planche remarks that "its aspect is delicious, and it gives one the same pleasure as reading some beautiful old idyll."

I have chosen, in order to mark the several stages in the artist's career, the works he sent to the Salons, because Corot always had a marked infatuation for these exhibitions, and because the works he sent there were always chosen with care, and showed some evolution, some advance, in his manner. In 1841 the Salon saw three canvases: *Un Site des environs de Naples*, *Démocrite et les Abdéritains*, and *La Fontaine*. Of the five paintings submitted in 1842 the judges refused three. The two canvases accepted were a *Site d'Italie*, and the *Verger* which was commissioned by the Minister of the Interior. Corot parted with the first of these pictures to offer it to the little gallery at Sémur, in memory of a certain connection his family had with that part of Burgundy.

In this same year, 1842, Corot paid his last visit to Italy. After this date he passed his summer either in Switzerland, in Normandy, or in Brittany, whence he always returned with an ample collection of studies and sketches. While staying at Mortain he came across the son of his former master, M. Delalain, who still preserved five portraits which Corot had painted in his *employé* days—these portraits representing the whole Delalain family.

From Italy he brought back a *Vue des Jardins de la Villa d'Este*,

which he intended for the Louvre ; but it was not accepted. He at once set about arranging his display for 1843. Of his three pictures—*Jeunes Filles au Bain*, *Un Soir*, and *L'Incendie de Sodome*—the jury refused one, the last-named, the subject of which he had found in Brittany. By way of compensation he received a commission for a decorative painting intended for the church of Saint-Nicolas-du-Chardonnet. It is called *Le Baptême du Christ*, and Delacroix criticises it in these terms :

"Corot is a real artist. One must see a painter at home to get an idea of his merits. I have seen again, and appreciated quite differently, pictures which I had seen in galleries and which there had impressed me but slightly. His large *Baptême du Christ* is full of simple beauty. . . . his trees are superb. I spoke to him about the tree I have to do in *Orphée* (for the library of the Palais Bourbon). He told me to go a little beyond myself, and give myself up to whatever came to me. This is what he does, generally. He will not admit that one can succeed by taking infinite pains. Titian, Raphael, and Rubens, all worked easily. They only added to reality that which they knew thoroughly. . . . This facility notwithstanding, there is always the inevitable labour. Corot ponders long over an object ; his ideas begin to come, and he adds to them while working ; it is a good system."

It was proposed to entrust Corot with the decoration of another panel in the same church, but the painter declined on account of the administrative formalities, saying he would be glad to see this commission given to some impecunious brother painter. A newspaper of the period attributed this second picture to Corot, remarking that in the first he had shown more personality. "Really," said Corot, "it were impossible to formulate a more judicious criticism."

Corot was infinitely endowed for this mural painting, but opportunities of proving his ability were few and far between. He was obliged to take advantage of the offers made by friends who begged him to decorate their houses, at Mantes, at Rosny, and at Auvers. One day he had come from Rosny to Mantes to visit Me. Robert, a notary, and observed some workmen engaged in painting a bathroom. Sending his "confrères" away, he took possession of their paint-pots, and himself did the four panels, which have been preserved, if not respected ; for the owner of the house thought fit to have added to one a little dog, and to another a white rabbit. After this Corot decorated the walls of the kiosk standing near his relations' property at Ville d'Avray, and then did the houses



"THE POOL." FROM THE PICTURE BY CAMILLE COROT.
(By permission of Messrs. William Marshall & Co., London.)

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of Daubigny and Decamps, the church at Rosny, and that of Ville d'Avray. He would have liked to cover the walls of some prison with his paintings. Said he: "I would have shown these poor creatures the country in my own fashion, and I believe I would have converted them to goodness by bringing them the pure blue sky."

In 1844 Corot returned to the Salon his *Incendie de Sodome*, which was accepted, together with a couple of landscapes. In 1845 he sent three pictures: *Homère et les Bergers*, *Daphnis et Chloë*, and a landscape. The "Homer" is now in the gallery of Saint Lo. About this time Corot attempted etching by means of his *Souvenir de Toscane*, a plate signed simply with the initials "C. C." This was retouched later, and reproduced in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" of April 1, 1875.

A solitary picture of Corot's figured in the annual exhibition of 1846, two having been rejected. This was his *Vue de la Forêt de Fontainebleau*, which earned for the artist the Cross of the Legion of Honour. This caused his father to remark: "I think we must give Camille a little more money."

The following year he exhibited a *Soir* and a *Berger jouant avec sa Chèvre*. Gustave Planche described the *Soir* as "a pearl for which there would be keen competition among amateurs." Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, while admiring the work, gave the following erroneous analysis of Corot's talent: "It's a strange talent, that of M. Corot: he has the eye, without the hand; he sees like a consummate artist and paints like a child who has had a brush put between his thumb and forefinger for the first time; he hardly knows how to hold the brush and apply the colour to the canvas. Well! even this doesn't prevent M. Corot from being a great landscapist: a love of Nature, a sense of poetry and artistic intelligence make up for all this; this bungler achieves astonishing results, such as are never attained by the most consummate dexterity. This thick, heavy touch, hesitating as it seems, obtains effects impossible to the facile brush which travels faster than the brain." Thoré, in the "Constitutionnel," ranked the *Soir* above the *Berger*, but he considered its execution "embarrassed" and its colouring "dull and ill-put-on."

Although press and public alike were discussing Corot, his pictures either did not sell at all, or fetched very low prices, as is proved by the following letter addressed by the artist to a provincial collector, M. Dutilleux, of Arras, who became a friend and in a way a pupil:

“ Ville d’Avray, May 20, 1847.

SIR,

I have received your kind letter wherein you announce your intention of having something by me. I am greatly flattered by this distinction on your part, and will hasten to send you on a small canvas, according to your instructions. I should like to know whether you would prefer to have a study from Nature or a composition. The price of these would be 200 francs. The studies measure from 12 to 15 inches.

Awaiting your reply, Sir, I have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,

C. COROT fils.”

It was about this sale that Corot said to one of his friends: “At last I’ve sold a picture, and I’m sorry for it. It will be missing from the complete collection.” The artist at the age of 50 signed himself “Corot fils” for the reason that during nearly the whole year he lived with his parents at Ville d’Avray, and because the purchaser’s letter had been opened by Corot père, who thought it must have come from some artist-friend of his son’s, so utterly improbable seemed the existence of a genuine amateur buyer. In this same year the old man died, never having realised the fame or the talent of his son.

Eighteen-forty-eight was an eventful year, quite apart from the revolution of February. Corot, who hitherto had had some of his pictures rejected each year, sent nine canvases this time, and all were accepted. What had happened? Simply this: the judges were elected by the artists by ballot. Corot was one of those chosen, being ninth on the list, with 353 votes out of 801. Among his pictures were: *Site d’Italie*, *Intérieur de Bois*, *Vue de Ville d’Avray*, *Une Matinée*, *Crépuscule*, *Un Soir*, *Effet du Matin*, and *Un Matin*. The *Site d’Italie*, which was purchased by the State, is in the Douai Gallery. Théophile Gautier wrote a beautiful passage in celebration of the freshness of these mists of morning, this Nature half-awake. “Landscapists,” said he, “do not usually rise so early as that.” Corot indeed had only to go out at dawn, from the house which his family had owned since 1817, to be present at Nature’s awakening over the pool of Ville d’Avray, the woods of Garches and Marnes and Villeneuve l’Etang and Saint-Cloud. The scene is always lovely and full of life. From the other side of the water, on the edge of which stands a bust of Corot on a pedestal of stone—the work of Geoffroy Dechaume—the giant trees embrace at their tops and mix

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the colours of their leaves, the pale quivering poplar mingling with the deep green of the chestnut, ferns grow in plenty in the soil, and all around is verdure and bloom, shadow and light.

In 1849, Corot was again one of the judges, being elected tenth by 217 votes in 646. His exhibits were: *Le Christ au Jardin des Oliviers*, *Vue prise à Volterra*, *Site du Limousin*, *Vue prise à Ville d'Avray*, and *Étude du Colisée*. At this period Corot's second manner may be characterised as simply naturalistic. More and more closely he succeeds, by his fluid, delicate painting, in expressing the striking appearance of things in the light. His *Christ* of 1849 is in the Langres Gallery.

In 1850 Corot was elected a member of the "Jury de Peinture" by 330 votes out of 615. His exhibit that year consisted of a *Lever de Soleil*, *Études prises à Ville d'Avray*, a *Site du Tyrol Italien*, and *Une Matinée*, with dancing nymphs rejoicing at the return of day. These nymphs were adversely criticised. The picture was evidently a reminiscence of the classical style of composition, but it also represented Corot's own fancy animating the dusk rising over the water, and lingering on the ground. The essential thing is that he depicted these forms with truest touch, in rhythmical movement, with an exact sense of values. This does not mean that he evaded reality. He did not shut his eyes to the labourer driving his plough along the fields, or to the reapers and haymakers in harvest field and meadow, or to the woodcutter trimming the coppice or cutting down the tall forest trees, or to the shepherd gathering his flock, or to the boatmen and fisher folk of the lakes and rivers.

There was no Salon in 1851. However, Corot had prepared a *Danse des Nymphes*, composed with the aid of studies done in Rome in 1826, a *Matin*, and a *Ronde d'Enfants*. That year, Corot, having got his mother's leave of absence—"liberté de s'envoler" he calls it—goes off to Arras to join the amateur painter, Dutilleux. Thence he goes on to La Rochelle to stay with a family at whose house Courbet is also a visitor. The two artists are but very slightly acquainted, and the Burgundian and the Franc-Comtois look curiously at one another. Corot is the sturdy fellow who once in the South got rid of a troublesome peasant by knocking him down with a blow of the fist. Courbet is garrulous and boastful, and, like many of his countrymen, as simple as conceited. The two men discuss things, and then each goes off to paint in his own way. In this same year Corot makes a trip to England. At the Duke of Westminster's gallery he takes a few notes which have been found in a pocket-book: "2 Claude Lorrains (2 Soirs); 1 Raphael, big picture (Virgin, Child Jesus and

c xix

St. John the Baptist—admirable); 1 Rembrandt, landscape; 1 Salvator (10 to 12 feet); 1 Hobbema, very fine." It is said that after this visit he resolved to lower his horizons.

In 1852 the management of the Salon was altered. The jury consisted of fifteen members nominated by the Administration des Beaux-Arts, and five elected members. Corot was elected as supplementary judge by 59 votes out of 330. He displayed *Repos*, a *Soleil Couchant*, and a *Vue du Port de la Rochelle*, and the following year *Une Matinée*, a *Coucher de Soleil*, and a *Saint Sébastien*, which Delacroix declared was perhaps the most religious picture of the century.

Corot, although reluctant to leave his widowed mother, nevertheless travelled a good deal about this time in the Nord, in Brittany, and in Normandy. In 1854, there being no exhibition, he accompanied Dutilleux as far as Rotterdam. In 1855 the annual Salon was merged in the Universal Exhibition. Corot figured among the thirty-four judges appointed by Napoleon III. He sent six canvases: *Effet de Neige*, *Souvenir de Marconsey*, *Printemps*, *Soir*, *Souvenir d'Italie*, and *Une Soirée*. In the same year he worked at his *Chemin de Croix* for the church at Rosny; also he did a picture, composed from views of Riva, for the Marseilles gallery, and then went off on his travels until the end of October. On his return he wrote to Dutilleux:

" . . . Here I am back in the studio, after going through Normandy and Brittany, and doing a bit of the Lake of Geneva, La Sologne and Ville d'Avray—as much as I possibly could. I have a lot to do, and so many old pictures to finish in order to get them out of the way, as the studio is rather too crowded! Another twenty studies this year; five or six of them are good, so I must be content with that. If I take that little trip, we'll talk about the Exhibition; every one seems fairly well satisfied with mine."

The manner in which Corot took note of values in his sketches may be mentioned here. If he observed a bit of colour composed of four different tonalities, he would give each a number, varying from 1 to 4. This numbering enabled him to note his effects very rapidly while going through a landscape, either in a carriage or a railway train—a mnemonic system of fixing the fugitive impression of anything seen or remembered. Herein lies the delicious charm of Corot's painting.

In 1857 the Académie des Beaux-Arts, constituted into a jury, decided the fate of the works sent to the Salon. Corot exhibited his *Incendie de Sodome*, a *Nymphe jouant avec l'Amour*, a *Concert*, a *Soleil Couchant*, a *Soir*, a *Souvenir de Ville d'Avray*, and a *Matinée*. The "Burning of Sodom" was the picture which figured in the Salon of 1844—Corot had simply reduced its dimensions by taking fifty centi-

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metres off its height. In this same year Castagnary, just starting as art critic on the *Siècle*, makes the queer remark that "he has always had for Corot a mixture of love and kindly pity." Proceeding, he says, no less strangely, "I don't know where this excellent man, whose manner is so gently moving, goes to paint his landscapes; I have never seen them anywhere. But such as they are they have infinite charm." The *Concert* was ridiculed, not on account of the work itself, but for the choice of the subject. Nevertheless, Corot's idea was quite simple and quite admissible. He wanted to unite and to symbolise two things which he loved beyond all else: the country and music. He had a nice voice, and would sometimes sing at parties, on condition that there were not more than fifteen people present. He used to go to the Opera, and to the Symphonic Concerts. On the other hand, he read very little. Sometimes he would buy books at random on the quays, but simply in order to amuse his models. One day in his studio his friends found a woman, resting after her pose, reading a Latin work by Cujas. As for Corot himself, reading "Polyeucte" was enough for him. He saturated his mind with Corneille's tragedy, without ever getting to the end; for, twenty years after beginning it, he remarked one day: "This year I really must finish 'Polyeucte.'" He never read the newspapers, and knew nothing that was going on. On the 23rd of February, 1848, to a visitor who was talking to him of Louis Philippe and Guizot, he innocently remarked, "Certainly people seem to be dissatisfied." Notwithstanding this, only a few days later he left his mother and went from Ville d'Avray to Paris, to get his equipment as a Garde National. "He wanted to be near the danger." With the same prudent reserve he once remarked, "M. Victor Hugo seems to be pretty famous in literature." This excellent man, of whom the crowd knew nought, and whose genius was recognised only by a few artists and persons of delicate taste, was quite ignorant about his contemporaries, with the exception of the painters, and most of these he regarded as his superiors. Of Delacroix he said one day, "He is an eagle and I am only a lark, singing little songs in my grey clouds."

Corot spent a part of the year 1857 at Ville d'Avray, paid several brief visits to Brittany, when he went to see Camille Bernier; he was also in Switzerland and at Dunkirk. There was no Salon in 1858, but an auctioneer, M. Boussalon, suggested a sale, in order to feel the pulse of the public. Corot hesitated long. Certainly he could not sell his pictures; on the contrary, he was more accustomed to buying them back. More than once he regained possession—for a consideration—of pictures he had "lent" to pupils or to fellow-artists. To try a

public auction seemed to him to be very risky. Still he had in reserve such a stock of works that perhaps he might part with some of them. Only a short time before a visitor had asked him, "Have you insured your studio against fire? If there were to be one here you would lose at least forty thousand francs worth of paintings. I once had a friend whose gallery was destroyed, and the indemnity he received consoled him for the loss of his pictures." "*He hadn't done them,*" interrupted Corot, excitedly; "if such a misfortune befel me, it would kill me." Eventually Corot entrusted thirty-eight pictures to the ministerial official; among them were five large canvases. The sale realised 14,233 francs—about £570. The auctioneer was ashamed of such a sum—Corot, on the other hand, thought it so high he could hardly believe it.

The same year, urged by one of his intimate friends, M. J. Michelin, and assisted by the advice of Bracquemond, Corot resumed his etching work. He etched the *Bateau sous les Saules*, the subject of which was taken from one of the lakes at Ville d'Avray.

In the Salon of 1859 Corot exhibited *Dante et Virgile* (in which the animals were drawn by Barye), *Macbeth*, *Idylle*, *Paysage avec Figures*, *Souvenir du Limousin*, *Tyrol Italien*, and *Etude à Ville d'Avray*. Castagnary, when he admires Corot, seems to do so regretfully, and the conclusion he arrives at is pitiless. "No truth in his invention, no variety in his tones and in his lines: his composition is uniform, his colour impossible, his drawing false and perpetually slack." Despite these condemnations Corot does not lose faith in his work, nor his fondness for truth. In the month of August we find him at Monthéry, whence he writes to one of his pupils, named Auguin, living at Bordeaux: "I am just back from a long visit to Normandy, and I am off again to Switzerland with several friends. I recommend to you the greatest possible simplicity in your work; above all, do just as you see. Have confidence in yourself, and take for your motto, 'Conscience et confiance.' *Je vous embrasse bien.* I'm working away like a big ruffian."

No Salon in 1860, but in the following year Corot displays six works: *Le Repos*, *Souvenir d'Italie*, *Le Lac*, *Orphée*, *Soleil Levant*, *Danse de Nymphes*. "Orpheus" was inspired by a revival of Gluck's opera, and the goddess in the picture is Madame Viardot. In this case Castagnary admires the landscape, "so suave in its expression that the tongue of Virgil alone, in its pure and tender tones, could echo and express it." Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, is dissatisfied. *Orphée* is not particularly to his liking. "This strange unbroken silhouette of a Eurydice, stiff as a doll, would provoke one to

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laughter, if it were possible to laugh at our excellent Corot, so devoted to his art, so hardworking and deeply convinced. Happily he is entirely himself in his *Soleil Levant*, in his *Souvenir d'Italie*, and in his *Lac*, with its silvered atmosphere, its luminous vapour, its placid waters, its bright trees and its Elysian aspect." In the same year Corot etched the *Etang de Ville d'Avray*, which exists in three states. One of them illustrated Edmond Roche's "Poésies Posthumes," dedicated to Corot.

Again there was no Salon in 1862, but in 1863 Corot was represented by a *Soleil Levant*, an *Etude à Ville d'Avray*, and an *Etude à Méry-sur-Oise*. In 1864 he showed *Le Coup de Vent* and the *Souvenir de Mortefontaine*, which was purchased for the Tuileries; in 1865 the *Matin* or the *Bacchante aux Amours*, and two *Souvenirs d'Italie*, one of which, done in the neighbourhood of Lake Nemi, was to figure in the Exhibition of 1867. M. Henri Dumesnil affirms that this masterpiece in its first state was a *motif* of Ville d'Avray. In the same Salon was seen an etching with the same title, *Souvenir d'Italie*. There was some talk that year of awarding to Corot the *médaille d'honneur*, but his chance was spoilt because he was not a historical painter. This disappointment was soon forgotten; but Corot was greatly grieved at the death of his friend, Dutilleux, his first purchaser and also his pupil, to attend whose funeral he went to Arras.

Corot exhibited two canvases in 1866: *Le Soir*, or *Fête Antique*, and *Solitude* (Limousin), also an etching, *Environs de Rome*. In that year Corot was attacked by gout, a disease very prevalent in Burgundy, whence his family came. M. Henri Dumesnil tells us that Corot's grandfather was the son of an agriculturist of Mussy-la-Fosse, a village near Semur, in the Côte d'Or. In 1860 Corot went to visit some distant relatives there whom he had traced, and remarked in this connection: "The country is full of honest workers bearing the same name as myself. In the fields they are always calling to one another, 'Hé ! Corot !' You hear nothing else. I always thought some one was wanting me, and I felt there quite as though I were among my own people."

To the Salon of 1867 he sent *Coup de Vent* and a *Vue de Marisselle*, and to the Universal Exhibition *Saint-Sébastien*, *La Toilette*, *Macbeth*, *Souvenir du Lac de Nemi*, a *Matin*, a *Soir*, and the *Ruines du Château de Pierrefonds*; as in 1855, he won the second medal, and also received the Croix d'officier of the Legion of Honour; and the honest fellow in his happiness exclaims, "I must try to turn out good pictures, to show I haven't stolen it."

From this moment Corot became really popular. The dealers'

windows were full of his canvases, on which large profits were made, the more so as the artist was never very particular about his prices. He good-naturedly fell in with other people's fancies of all sorts—decorating screens, plates, box-lids, terra-cotta work, brooches, and even, it is said, the inside of a hat. At the exhibition of Industrial Arts he had two painted silk screens, done for M. Duvelleroy, who displayed them again in 1858.

In 1868 Corot sent to the Salon a *Soir* and a *Matin à Ville d'Avray*. Castagnary now surrenders. This *Soir* he describes as "one of Corot's blondest and most harmonious works. From it there springs a poetry so penetrating, so victorious, that all one's theories in favour of precise workmanship strive against it in vain." The same year he produced an etching, *Dans les Dunes*, a souvenir of the woods of La Haye, which was reproduced in André Lemoyne's "Sonnets et Eaux-fortes."

Two canvases were seen in 1870: *Paysage avec Figures* and *Ville d'Avray*. As was his yearly custom, Corot went off to Ville d'Avray in the spring. "I go there," said he, "to rest myself with work. Think of it! I can't have more than thirty years to live, and they go so fast! Already seventy-four have flown, and to me they seem to have been as fast as the journeys of one's dreams . . ."

Then came the declaration of war. Corot refused to leave Paris; indeed he wanted to go on the ramparts, and went so far as to buy several rifles. But physical weakness deterred him. So he worked away, and turned everything into money wherewith to relieve the horrors of the siege. He went among the ambulances and hospitals, emptying his hands and his pockets. He gave a big sum for "the manufacture of the cannon required to drive the Prussians out of the woods of Ville d'Avray." Then later he sent ten thousand francs for the liberation of the country—a gift which he afterwards gave to the poor of the tenth arrondissement. Instances of his kindness, his generosity are plenty. He bought the little house in which Daumier lived at Valmondois, in order to make a present of it to the artist, now nearly blind, and on the point of being turned out. Daumier in reply told Corot he was "the only man he esteemed so much that he could accept anything from him without blushing." One morning an artist friend came to borrow five thousand francs. Corot was ill that day, and in a bad temper. He said he hadn't the money. Then, tormented at having refused his friend, he thought better of it, and having dressed, hurried off to the borrower, exclaiming "Forgive me, I'm nothing better than a *canaille*—I told you just now I hadn't got five thousand francs. That was a lie: here they are." An Italian



Alfred
Stieglitz
Studio

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model came to him one day with two daubs which he was trying to sell, in order to get his sick wife back to her native land—"How much do you want?" asked Corot. "A thousand francs." Corot gave the money, and with his brush transformed the two "*infamies doublées d'horreur*," and presented them to the Italian. A few months before his death he sold some of his pictures, and on being paid for them, handed to the dealer a bundle of ten thousand-franc notes: "Keep them," he said, "and when I am gone I want you to give an annuity of a thousand francs for ten years to the widow of my friend Millet." In selling his pictures Corot had a system of which certain unscrupulous people took advantage. His custom was to let the less prosperous dealers have his canvases at a low price, to require more from buyers of the middle class, and, as he put it, to "*saler*" the rich—that is, to make them "pay through the nose." Now some of these latter did not scruple to employ agents in order to obtain better terms.

When the siege was raised Corot yielded to the entreaties of M. Alfred Robaut, and went to Arras and Douai. He painted the *Beffroi de Douai*, wherein he figures, standing in the street, dressed in his long blouse. Meantime the Commune had been proclaimed in Paris, and M. Robaut relates that he often had great trouble in checking Corot's ardour, "for every moment he wanted to return to Paris, to share the troubles of his family and his friends, or at least to vote." It was not till the end of May that Corot was seen in Paris, only to start off at once for the North, whence he returned with four pictures: the *Moulin*, the *Canal de la Sensee*, the *Route d'Arleux*, and the *Chaumière*. This same year he engraved several *eaux-fortes*: *Vénus coupe les Ailes de l'Amour* (in two states, unfinished plates), *Souvenir des Fortifications de Douai*, and the *Dôme florentin*—unsigned and unpublished plates. Another etching, *Les Baigneuses*, was spoilt through an accident. The unbitten plate was sent to be printed, and the workman took off the coating of varnish, the result being that the proof simply showed the strokes marked by the point on the metal.

Back in Paris in July, Corot reassures Mme. Dutilleux (his friend's widow) as to the state of his health, by means of the following letter, which is sufficiently curious to be reproduced in the exact form in which it was written :

"Ville d'Avray, ce 3 Août 1871.

MADAME ET AMIE,

Je sors mes lunettes avec rapidité pour vous écrire que nous sommes installés, ma sœur et moi : la maison est nettoyée et les traces

prussiennes ont disparu. Ma sœur est en assez bonne santé, elle m'a chargé de vous faire ses compliments ainsi qu'à toute la famille. J'ai commencé des études à Ville d'Avray, j'ai retrouvé des motifs, mais ce ne sont pas les jolis marais d'Arleux, Paluel, &c. Je pense que vous passez de jolis moments dans ces jolis bateaux et jolis bois du pont de Paluel et les jolis bois d'Oisy. Je me suis bien amusé là-bas et je pense que vous en faites encore tout autant, pour ne pas en perdre l'habitude et que Mme. Marie aura retrouvé du calme, du repos et alors la santé. Je fais des prières pour que tout ça se réalise,

Pêchez aussi de belles anguilles
Sauce Moutarde,
Et au premier repas, je vous prie,
Buvez à la santé du pauvre petit nègre,
Votre nourrisson
Pendant la Commune.
J'ai l'air d'écrire en vers.

Embrassez bien pour moi M. et Mme. Alfred, Mme. Marie et Léontine. Mes amitiés à Charles, à M. et Mme. Seiter, à Paul et sa famille, et à M. Pochez, quand vous les verrez.

Recevez, madame et amie, l'assurance de mon amitié. C. COROT.
Nouveaux remerciements pour tous vos soins.

PS.—Les études que j'ai rapportées ont été goûtées et prises presque toutes."

This was not the first time Corot had "seemed to be writing poetry." I have now before me the reproduction of an autograph, accompanied by the following:

Reflexions sur
la Peinture
les deux premières choses
à étudier—c'est
la forme puis les valeurs

ces deux choses sont
pour moi les points d'appui
et sérieuses dans l'art

la couleur et l'exécution
mettront le charme
dans l'œuvre.*

* Reflections on painting. The two principal things to study are form and then values. These two things are my supports and are important in art. Colour and execution will put charm into one's work.

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The two canvases which figured in the Salon of 1872 were a *Souvenir de Ville d'Avray* and *Près d'Arras*. At Arras on the 11th of July, 1872, was celebrated Corot's artistic jubilee. In the same year he went to Rouen, where he saw the paintings by Delacroix in the Palais de Justice; then down south, on the Spanish frontier, "where," he remarks, "I saw some extraordinary greens. Only wait till I can take it all in; *vous m'en direz des nouvelles!*" At Rouen he showed his travelling companions the place in the courtyard of the *lycée* where he used to be put "on picket." "At that time," said he, "I could hide better than now, for there was no *corporation* to be seen." On the black-board in one of the rooms he drew a little flower and signed it *CC*, in imitation of the traditional *x*. This same year he paid other visits, a score or so at least, for he had friends everywhere who invited him to their homes that they might celebrate his jubilee. In 1873 he exhibited a *Pastorale* and *Le Passeur*, and in 1874 three works: *Souvenir d'Arleux*, *Le Soir* and *Clair de Lune*. This year, as in the preceding one, the question of awarding Corot the "*médaille d'honneur*" was discussed; but it was given to M. Gérôme. The old man was deeply hurt at this. His friends and admirers protested, and got up a subscription to present him with a testimonial. M. Geoffroy Dechaume did a gold medallion nine centimetres in diameter, and this was presented to Corot at a banquet given in his honour at the Grand Hôtel on the 29th of December, 1874. M. Marcotte simply said: "There is too much for one to say, both of the man and of the artist. This medal will speak for us." Corot opened the case and read

À COROT,
SES CONFRÈRES ET SES ADMIRATEURS
Juin 1874

"It makes one very happy," he replied, "to feel one is loved like that." Behind a mask of cheerfulness the old man but ill-concealed a great weariness. He was pronounced to be suffering from cancer of the stomach. He did not take to his bed at once, but prepared his pictures for the next year's Salon, and went to pay a last visit to the cottage at Ville d'Avray. A few days before his death he told one of his friends how in a dream he had seen "a landscape with a sky all roses, and clouds all roses too. It was delicious," he said; "I can remember it quite well. It will be an admirable thing to paint." The morning of the day he died, the 22nd of February, 1875, he said to the woman servant who brought him some nourishment, "Le père Corot is lunching up there to-day." He died at half-past eleven at night.

His funeral took place two days later at Père-la-Chaise. M. de Chennevières, Director of Fine Arts, waxed eloquent. A priest thought it his duty to declare that Corot had made his confession. M. Jules Dupré said, "It will be hard to replace the artist; the man can never be replaced."

His three canvases—*Les Bûcherons*, *Plaisirs du Soir* and *Biblis*—appeared in the Salon of 1875, hung with black crêpe. Castagnary wrote: "There is nothing new in the *Bûcherons* or in the *Plaisirs du Soir*, but it is evident that despite his age the artist preserved his steady hand and his clear keen eye. These canvases are worthy to rank among the finest of their predecessors; they show the master-hand in all its completeness. His fancy was as fresh, his sensibility as keen, as ever. Death might have had pity and paused before cutting short so sweet a life-work."

This same year—1875—an Exhibition comprising 228 of his pictures was arranged at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and collections were displayed at the Universal Exhibitions of 1878, 1889 and 1900, and at the Musée Galliera in 1895.

The posthumous sale took place at the Hôtel Drouot in May and June, 1875, and produced nearly two million francs, or £80,000. The catalogue contained 600 numbers.

Corot's life was entirely devoted to reverie and to labour. The man appears to us delightfully simple and honest; he was candour itself, kindness itself. The artist is very great. To reveal him as he really is a complete exhibition of his work would be needed; but think how his pictures are scattered! Nevertheless one hopes this idea may be realised one of these days; with all our means of transport and our facilities for international communication. Surely England and America will consent to let Europe see, for a month or two, the masterpieces they have captured from us! The realisation of such a result would be well worth the cost of an embassy. Then one would be able to see those lovely, but so little known figures which are Corot's absolute masterpieces, revealing as they do an altogether particular sense of the supple grace of the human form and the serious beauty of the face.

Before I close let me say I have no desire to dispute the undoubted fact that Corot had a "manner." I can see clearly enough that for a long time there remained within him something of the "historical landscape," and that in many of his pictures with small figures, these figures are Italian in bearing and in style. Observe the three women in the *Toilette*—to take a single example. It is evident that the artist was at the same time timid and obstinate; indeed, by systematically

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selecting a number of his works, one might convict him of monotony. Also it is evident to me that in many of his landscapes he has of set purpose put in a foreground of black trees which add a mystery to the distant dawning light. I recognise too that he rarely attempted to penetrate the infinite colouring of the shade, and that on this point he accepted—he whose discernment was so fine—the ordinary views of his time.

But how he emancipated himself from the historical landscape in his studies from Nature of figures and landscapes ! How all criticism must needs cease before those canvases in which he was really himself ; before those wherein the poetical inspiration within them shone forth with so soft a splendour !

I gaze on these meadows, these woods, these waters, these skies—all the delightful haunts in which Corot spent his life, and which he offers to all who, like himself, desire to know and love the eternal beauty of things—and as I gaze I can imagine the emotion which animated him, because this little piece of painted canvas preserves the thrill of that moment when the painter was moved and dazzled ; because leaves, water, grass and cloud all are still aquiver from the touch of this artist hand—like the reflection of the light which must have shone in his thoughtful eyes. He had no “manner” in these moments of joy and plenitude. He was no longer cautious, diligent. He let himself go ; yet all the time he was in full possession of his technical skill and knowledge, which was great, despite the reservations and criticisms of the writers I have quoted. His knowledge was within him, and, so to speak, in spite of himself, did service to his exuberance. Then, I think, he must have laughed aloud, and sung all his songs, and talked slyly to himself in the fields, like some big happy child. You may give yourself up to him when he feels this joy, this beatitude, this enthusiasm. He will open to your gaze the vast fields or light in the world. He will teach you how much concentrated beauty exists wherever you are. His exquisite local genius has plumbed the depths of all things around him.

He is the subtle, the delicious painter of the land in which we live. From the pools of Ville d'Avray to the fields and coppices of Artois he roams from morn till night amid the fair and delicate landscapes of Northern France. He knows every path, every byway, every road. He wanders round the hill-sides, through the forests to the open glades. Wherever there be a spring, lighting up brown earth and sombre green with its crystals, there he will stand and watch the reflection of the heavens. He spends his morning hours gazing on the mists as they unfold their veils above the familiar pool and beyond the narrow

stream. He notes the delicate pattern of the hoar-frost. He is enraptured with the last rays of sunlight lingering on the water. And then he flies away right into the clouds, like the lark to which he compared himself; and then his delight at their limpidity and their depth is truly extraordinary. Nearly all the skies he painted have lightness and vast extent; like air itself they are formed of some impalpable matter.

Look closely into these sun harmonies and here and there you will discover the prescience of a fine and subtle analysis of light. Historically, Corot's work, which belongs to the painting of the Past, heralds, by its *nuances* and by all the hidden treasures it suggests, the bold experiments and happy discoveries of the Future.

GUSTAVE GEFFROY.

Here are the prices obtained by some of Corot's works at public sales: February, 1881: *Jeune Baigneuse*, 5000 francs; *Eurydice*, 6510 francs; *L'Atelier*, 5400 francs; *Le Canal* (environs de Rouen), 5900 francs; *La Prairie* (environs de Saintes), 5900 francs; *Le Tréport*, 5610 francs; *Effet du Soir au Bord de la Rivière*, 4900 francs; *Environs de Ville d'Avray*, 1700 francs. November, 1881: *Baigneuses sous Bois*, 12,500 francs; *Christine Nilsson*, represented as a gipsy, at the outset of her career, playing the mandoline in the streets, 4000 francs. February, 1882: *Le Matin*, 6000 francs; *Le Sentier*, 5700 francs; *Les Laveuses*, 1750 francs; *Soleil couchant*, 850 francs; *Paysage*, 805 francs; *Bûcherons sous Bois*, 250 francs; a drawing, 160 francs; *La Musique*, 530 francs; *La Lecture*, 1250 francs; *Réverie*, 2450 francs. May, 1882: *Paysage* (first manner), 1220 francs; *Danse des Nymphes*, 2350 francs; *Le Passeur*, 7650 francs; *Pêcheur Napolitain*, 5000 francs.

March, 1883: *La Mare*, 2650 francs. April, 1883: *Vue prise à Ville d'Avray*, 14,100 francs; *La Femme à la Toque*, 7100 francs; *Le Matin*, 2800 francs; *Le Pont*, 2050 francs; *L'Atelier*, 1200 francs; *L'Atelier* (pendant of the last-named), 4600 francs; *La Haie*, 4000 francs; *Portrait de la Cathédrale de Chartres*, 1200 francs; *Le Moulin*, 1750 francs; *La Prairie* (Saint-Cloud), 3150 francs; *Le Château de Chillon*, 1510 francs; *Le Pont*, 1620 francs; *Sous Bois* (1849), 1900 francs.

In May of the same year a *landscape* belonging to Arsène Houssaye, and attributed to Corot, was put up for sale and realised 6300 francs. In December, 1883, *Deux Femmes et un Enfant* brought 9000 francs. It was at this time that the "Dumas-Trouillebert incident" occurred. The matter was settled rather more than a year later (in January,

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1885) by a judgment of the Court ordering M. Tedesco "to let Trouillebert put his own signature on the picture called *La Fontaine des Gabourets*," which, bearing the signature of Corot, had been sold to M. Alexandre Dumas.

In March, 1884, a picture twice signed by Corot was sold for 22,000 francs, while another canvas, which, although signed, was disputed, "went" for 25 francs. This was the *Liseuse*. The same year I find the following prices: *Les Saules*, 7800 francs; the *Nymphe de Champs*, 8005 francs. In 1885, *Chloë* was sold for 9900 francs. There was a sale of pictures, including many Corots, at New York in 1886. Here are some of the prices, in dollars: A *Paysage*, 5000; a *Soir sur la Rivière*, 9000; *Paysage et Animaux*, 4050. The Corcoran Gallery at Washington secured the *Ramasseurs de Bois* for 15,000 dollars.

These New York prices influenced the Paris market, and a rise took place. At the end of March, 1886, a *Paysage* brought 13,500 francs; in May the *Baigneuses*, 9000 francs; a *Souvenir d'Italie*, 8000 francs; *Le Passeur* (perhaps the same as was sold in 1882), 25,100 francs; *Le Pêcheur*, 3050 francs; the *Pont de Mantes*, 13,000 francs; *Nymphes et Faunes* (Salon of 1869), 65,100 francs; the *Saules*, 8300 francs; *Village de Marcoussis*, 8100 francs; *Danse de Nymphes*, 15,500 francs; and *Château de Pierrefonds*, 10,000 francs. On the 5th of June, 1886, *Orphée ramenant Eurydice* was knocked down for 25,000 francs. Prices seem to have declined in 1887. In February *Le Matin* "went" for 1000 francs; in May the *Lisière du Bois de Ville d'Avray* for 4600 francs; *Vue du Pont et du Château de Saint-Ange* for 9050 francs, and an *Esquisse* for 1225 francs. In Paris the *Coup de Vent* produced 5100 francs.

In March, 1888, a study called *Petit Italien assis* realised 350 francs; *Diane et Nymphe au Bain surprises par Actéon* (Rome, 1836), 20,000 francs; *Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*, 15,000 francs.

In May, 1888, *Vue de Dunkerque* produced 5100 francs; *Château de Fontainebleau*, 6000 francs; *La Place du Village*, 9550 francs; *La Femme au Puits*, 4050 francs; *Les Bords de la Vienne*, 7300 francs; *Environs de Limoges*, 2050 francs.

The sale of Corot's canvases seems to have had a check in 1889, but this was succeeded by a fresh rise in the following year. Here, for instance, are some prices obtained in 1890:—June: *La Femme du Pêcheur*, 13,000 francs; *La Rochelle*, 12,000 francs; *Le Cabaret*, 15,700 francs; *Dunkerque*, 6000 francs; *Le Pont Saint-Ange* (Rome), 21,000 francs; *Gênes*, 7100 francs; *Saintry*, 12,000 francs; *Lac de Genève*, 10,000 francs; *Port de Bordeaux*, 10,000 francs; the *Grand*

Canal (Venice), 10,200 francs ; *L'Entrée du Village*, 16,500 francs ; *Marini*, 20,000 francs ; *Le Matin*, 60,000 francs ; *Le Soir*, 63,000 francs. These prices may now be compared with some realised at certain sales ten years later : March, 1900 : *Le Faucheur*, 6,100 francs ; the *Chaumières*, 8400 francs ; *Coucher de Soleil sur l'Etang*, 7500 francs ; *Le Village*, 15,000 francs ; *La Rafale*, 22,500 francs ; *Mont-de-Marsan*, 11,800 francs. April, 1900 : *Le Chemin du Village*, 250 dollars (in New York) ; *Bords de la Rivière*, 1020 francs ; *Les Dunes*, 450 francs ; *Les Collines autour du Lac*, 900 francs ; *Paysage d'Italie*, 5250 francs ; *La Vallée après l'Orage*, 1020 francs. May, 1900 : *Scène Antique*, 1150 francs ; *La Lisière du Bois*, 4050 francs ; *Pré au Bord de l'Etang*, 16,900 francs ; *Vue de Ville d'Avray*, 3900 francs ; *L'Etang*, 24,100 francs. June, 1900 : *La Mare*, 22,300 francs ; *Le Vallon de la Forêt*, 11,500 francs ; *Le Matin*, 32,600 francs ; *Le Soir*, 34,000 francs ; *Le Pêcheur*, 44,500 francs ; *Italienne*, 13,000 francs (this picture was sold for 20,100 francs in 1899) ; *L'Etang de Ville d'Avray*, 12,100 francs ; *Le Clocher*, 8,100 francs ; *Une Muse*, 14,000 francs ; *La Liseuse*, 4000 francs ; *La Barrière*, 8300 francs ; *Sentier le Long Dubois*, 4100 francs ; *La Banlieue*, 1720 francs. December, 1900 : *Le Coup de Vent*, 12,000 francs ; *La Charrette*, 12,000 francs.

At the end of 1900 the Metropolitan Museum of New York was bequeathed a collection of pictures by Mr. Dunn. These included a landscape by Corot, for which the testator had paid 125,000 francs. During the year several Corots had been sold in London, including *Bord de Rivière*, £700 ; *Le Matin*, £330 ; and *Vue de la Ville de Nantes*, £380. In February, 1901, *Dernier Rayon* realised 10,000 francs ; *La Tour*, 17,200 francs ; and *L'Arbre Coupé* (a drawing), 3000 francs. Prices in April, 1901 : *Le Chêne*, 4000 francs ; *Le Cavalier*, 17,000 francs ; in May : *La Gondole*, 7900 francs ; *La Colline*, 6900 francs.

The collection of M. G. de Hèle, of Brussels, contained several works by Corot, which were put up to auction on May 10, 1901, and realised the following prices : *Au Bord de l'Etang*, 25,100 francs ; *Pâturage*, 18,100 francs ; *Le Pêcheur*, 12,100 francs ; *Le Saule*, 14,500 francs. Other recent prices were (Paris, May, 1901) : *Le Matin*, 2200 francs ; *Le Soir*, 1900 francs ; *Paysage à Ville d'Avray*, 4200 francs. November, 1901 : *Les Bouleaux*, 3700 francs ; *Vue de Naples*, 1200 francs ; *La Cour de la Ferme*, 23,000 francs ; *Entrée d'Abbeville*, 17,500 francs. December, 1901 : *Les Bergers*, 43,800 francs ; *La Cour de la Ferme*, 23,000 francs ; *Entrée d'Abbeville*, 17,500 francs.

At the sale of the Antonin Vallon Studio in May, 1901, a *Paysage* produced 980 francs ; *Chemin d'Auvers*, 4600 francs, and *Figure de jeune Femme*, 7400 francs.



"PEASANTS NEAR A POOL." FROM THE PICTURE BY CAMILLE COROT.

By permission of Messrs. Durand-Ruel et Fils, Paris.

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"MUSIC AND ART"

(Braun, Cément, Paris)

C I



OIL-PAINTING
"THE WOUNDED EURYDICE"

C 2

(Collection of J. J. Hill, Esq., St. Paul, U.S.A.;
Photograph by Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)



OIL-PAINTING
"MOTHER AND CHILD"
c. 3



"THE BATHER"

(Collection of James Arthur, Esq.)

c 4



"COTTAGE INTERIOR—LIMOUSIN"

(Collection of M. Moreau-Nélaton, Paris;
Photograph by Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

c 5



OIL-PAINTING
"TIVOLI SEEN FROM THE VILLA D'ESTE"
c 6

(Collection of M. Henri Rouart, Paris)

COROT



OIL-PAINTING
"HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS"
c. 7

(Braun, Clément, Paris)

COROT



OIL-PAINTING, 1838
"ITALIAN LANDSCAPE"

(Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

c 8



(Collection of H. S. Howy, Esq., Philadelphia, U.S.A.;
Photograph by Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)



"AT THE END OF THE VALLEY." BY CAMILLE COROT.
(By permission of M. J. Allard, Paris.)

COROT



(Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

“NEAR ARRAS”

C 10



*(Collection of Baron Denys Cochin, Paris ;
Photograph by Durand-Rue', Paris and New York)*

“VIEW OF ROME”

C 11

COROT



OIL-PAINTING
"THE GREAT OAK AT FONTAINEBLEAU"

C 12

(Braun, Clément, Paris)

COROT



(Collection of M. Durand-Ruel, Paris)

"A GUST OF WIND"

c 13



(Collection of Alexander Young, Esq.)

"EVENING GLOW"

c 14



OIL-PAINTING
"ORPHEUS"

C 15

(Cottier and Co., New York and London)

COROT



OIL-PAINTING
"FARMYARD AT COUBRON"

(Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

c 16

COROT

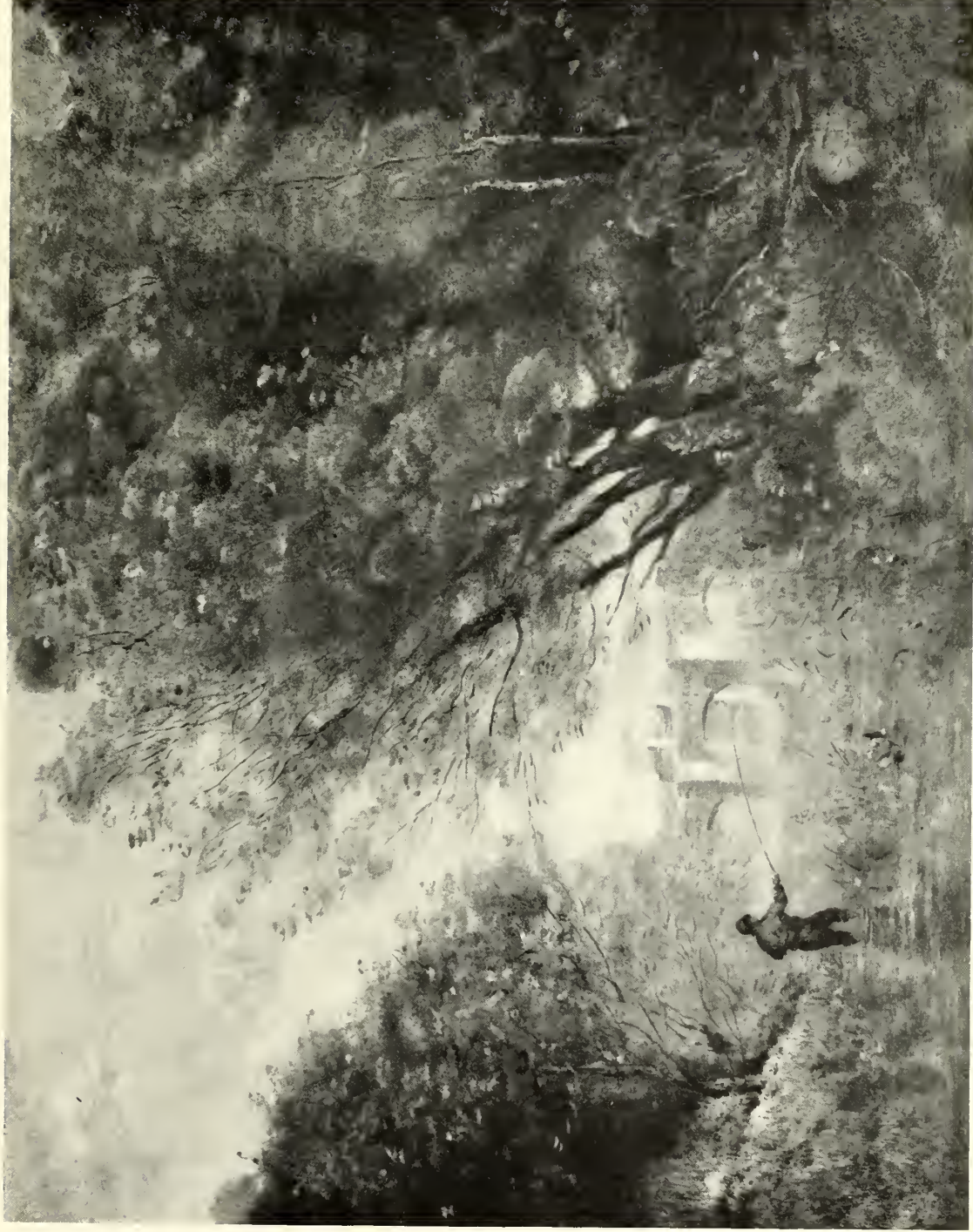


(Collection of Isaac Cook, Esq., St. Louis, U.S.A.;
Photograph by Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

OIL-PAINTING

"THE CANAL AT ST. QUENTIN"

c 17



"THE BRIDGE." FROM F. KROSTEWITZ'S
ETCHING AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE
c 18

(Published by J. Casper, Berlin ; lent by C. Klackner, London and New York)



"SOUVENIR D'ITALIE." FROM F. KROSTEWITZ'S
ETCHING AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE

(Published by J. Casper, Berlin; lent by C. Klackner, London and New York)



Studio
A. J. S. 1890

COROT



(Collection of Sir Matthew Arthur, Bt.)

OIL PAINTING
"THE GOAT-HERD"

C 20

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"PEASANTS NEAR A LAKE"
C. 21

(*Durand-Ruel, New York*)



OIL PAINTING
"GOAT-HERD PIPING"
c. 22

(Autotype Company, New Oxford Street, London.
Original in the Louvre)

COROT



(Collection of Alexander Young, Esq.)

OIL PAINTING
"THE LAKE"
c 23



OIL PAINTING
"DANCE OF NYMPHS"
c. 24

(Autotype Company, New Oxford Street, London.
Original in the Louvre)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"WOMEN BATHING"

c 25

(Durand-Ruel, Paris)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"POOL AT VILLE-D'AVRAY"

(Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

c 26



DECORATIVE PAINTING
"DON QUIXOTE AND CARDENIO"

c 27

(The French Gallery, London)



"L'HEURE MATINALE." FROM THE PICTURE BY CAMILLE COROT.

(By permission of Messrs. William Macintosh & Co., London.)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"LE PARC-DES-LIONS À MONT-MARLY"

(Braun, Clément, Paris)

C 28



OIL SKETCH
"OLD COTTAGE NEAR SEMEUR"

c. 29

(Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"LE LAC D'ALBANO"
c. 30

(Braun, Clément, Paris)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"THE CASTLE OF WAGNOUVILLE"
c 31

(*Braun, Clément, Paris*)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"THE BATHERS"
c. 32

(Collection of W. A. Coats, Esq.)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"TREES AND POND"
c. 33

(Collection of A. T. Reid, Esq.)



OIL PAINTING
"THE BENT TREE"
c. 34

(Collection of Alexander Young, Esq.)

COROT



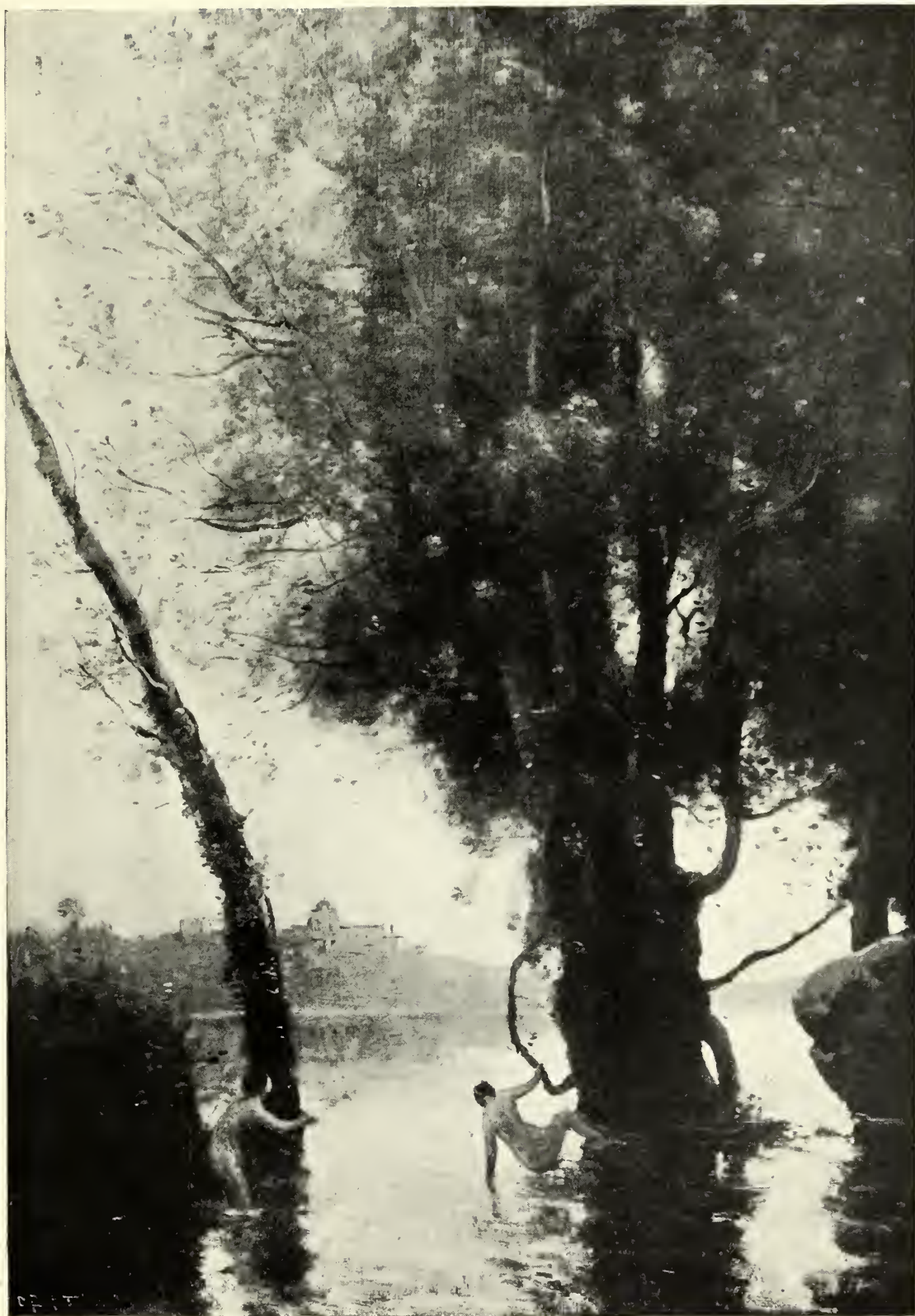
OIL PAINTING
"PEASANT RIDING"

(Collection of M. E. Lyon, Brussels.
Photograph by Durant-Kucl, Paris and New York)



"THE PATHWAY TO THE CHURCH." BY CAMILLE COROT.
(By permission of Messrs. William Macchani & Co., London.)

COROT



OIL PAINTING
"WOMEN BATHING"

(Collection of M. Henri Rouart)

c 36



CHARCOAL DRAWING: "LANDSCAPE STUDY"

c 37

(Collection of M. Léon J. F. Bonnat)



CHARCOAL DRAWING: "LANDSCAPE STUDY"

c 38

(Collection of M. Léon J. F. Bonnat)

COROT



CHARCOAL DRAWING: "SOUVENIR D'ITALIE"

(Collection of Charles Ricketts, Esq.)

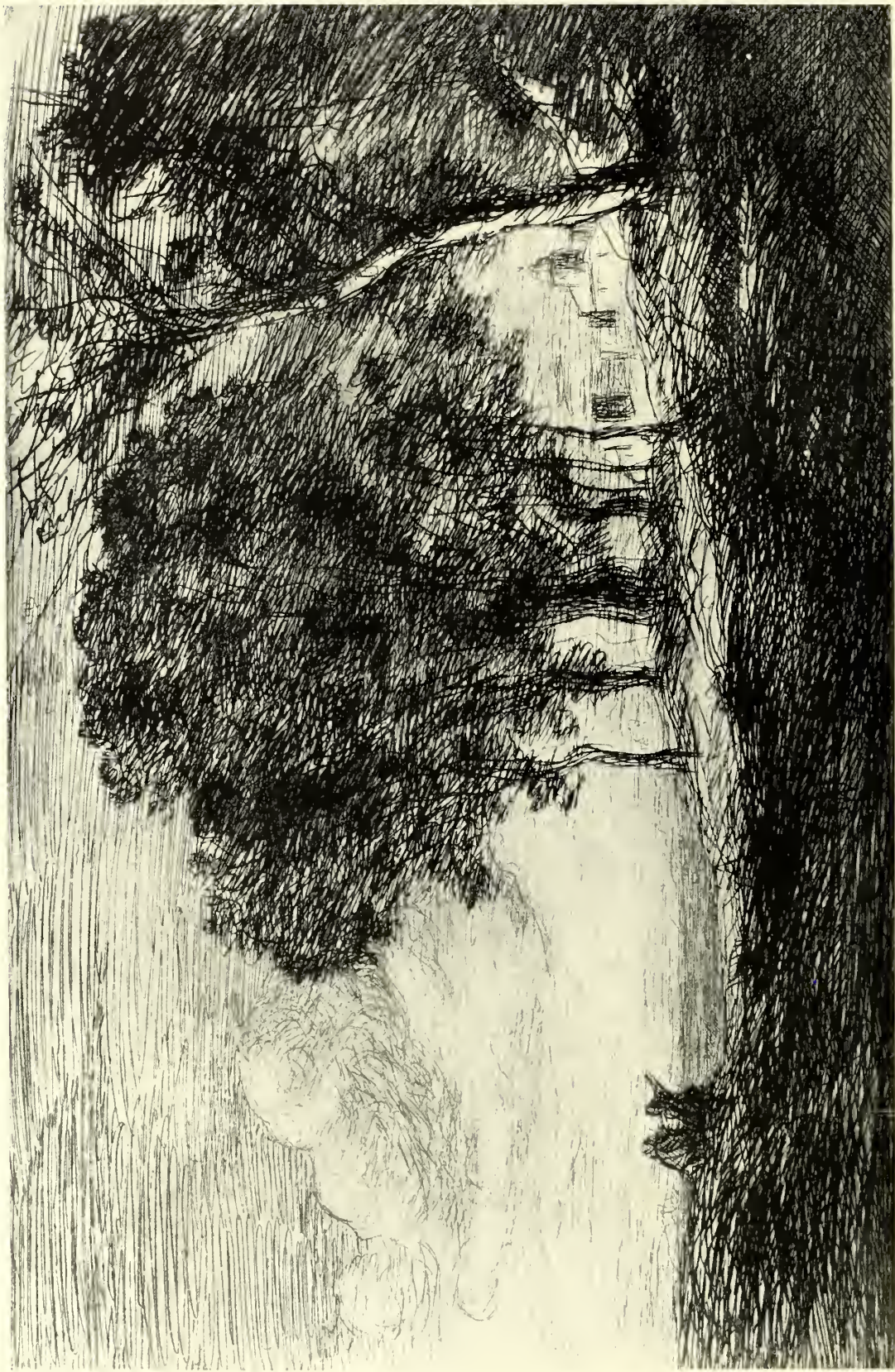
c 39



CHARCOAL DRAWING: "LANDSCAPE STUDY"

(Collection of W. Pitcairn Knowles, Esq.)

c 40



ORIGINAL ETCHING (ABOUT 1845)
"SOUVENIR DE TOSCANE"

COROT



ORIGINAL ETCHING
"ITALIAN LANDSCAPE"

(Obach & Co., London)

C 42



“BOAT UNDER THE WILLOWS” (ABOUT 1857)

C 43

From the Original Etching
(R. Gutekunst, London)



“THE POOL AT VILLE D'AVRAY” (ABOUT 1861)

C 44

(From the Original Etching)

COROT



OIL PAINTING: "LANDSCAPE STUDY"

From the Original Picture
(E. van Wisselingh, London)

c 45



ORIGINAL ETCHING: "A WOODED COUNTRY"

(Obach & Co., London)

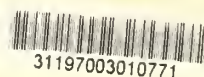
c 46



ORIGINAL ETCHING (ABOUT 1865)
"SOUVENIR D'ITALIE"

c 47

(Cottier & Co., New York and London)



DATE DUE

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DEC 15 2007			



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